

MY PARTNER AT WHIST.

By W. C. Morrow.

I left the train one day at a small town in the South, and I had taken not more than six steps across the dilapidated platform at the station when there happened a trivial thing which set forward a series of peculiar (and, in part, terrible) happenings. The precipitating incident was the tearing away of the sole of my shoe by a careless step into one of the numerous cracks in the platform.

The old part of the town—that containing the hotel—was nearly a mile away, and no vehicle was at hand by which I might have found transportation thither; and as my disabled shoe would not permit of my walking so far, I cast about for a cobbler, and found a shop conveniently near the station. After setting down my heavy traveling-bag, I turned to the cobbler, when he held up a placard, which read:

"I AM DEAF AND DUMB."

Undoubtedly he saw my face brighten, as his also did immediately afterward; for, having had a large experience with deaf mutes and possessing uncommon facility in their various modes of expression, I had at once greeted him with the ordinary one-hand manual. He responded with equal alacrity and with evident great delight. In a moment our conversation had become highly animated. There was a touching pathos in the poor fellow's gladness to find one to whom he could converse so easily, and an evident satisfaction to meet one who understood and could sympathize with the strange, gentle, shrinking characters which the isolation of this unhappy affliction develops; for he informed me that besides himself and his family there was none other of our kind in all that part of the country, and that during his residence of a year in the town, whither he had come from the North, he and his family had suffered greatly from loneliness. It was a hard task for him to drop the conversation in order that he might mend my shoe.

In reply to his friendly questions, I informed him that I had come to the town partly for a needed change and partly to find absolute seclusion, as, being a mathematician, I had been charged with making some tedious calculations on a recently observed astronomical event. With quick eagerness he invited me to make his house my home, adding, with the touching modesty and humility of his kind, that seclusion was all the inducement he could offer me, and that as for the humbleness of his home, the meagreness of the fare, and the manifest inferiority of himself and his family to me, he hoped that those very accomplishments of mine, combined with the sympathy which he trusted existed between us, would enable me to overlook the shortcomings and make the most out of the good that he could offer me. This was more an appeal than an invitation, and how could I refuse it, coming so sweetly? So, after I had forced my point (to which he yielded with pain), to pay for my entertainment, he conducted me gleefully to his house.

For the sake of economy, he made his home in one of those great old Southern mansions from which the war had scattered aristocratic tenancy to the winds; for here, in one part of a wing, he lived, rent free, while in the main body of the house the wind careered through sashless windows, which, toward the west, looked out upon broad uncultivated fields, and toward the east, upon the great Mississippi, as it swung lazily along under a bluff. Sitting thus desolate in its park of oaks and odoriferous mimosas, the house looked weird and ghost-ridden; but in the wing occupied by my friend there was a cozy picture of humble though clean domesticity, and it was all so perfectly fitted to my needs and tastes that I thanked my good genius for having brought me to the crack in the platform at the station.

My friend and his family were as strange and charming as their environment. He and his wife and sister constituted the household; and when I say that they all were deaf and dumb, the weirdness of the situation into which I had been thrown may be imagined. They all had received such education as is commonly given in deaf-mute institutions supported by the State, which means to say that they knew little of the finer things which bring pleasure to the scholar; but, instead, they had attractions of immeasurably greater worth, and these were gentleness, sweetness, patience, purity of heart, cleanness of mind, and, best of all, matchless selfishness. The women took in sewing and stayed closely at home. They both were young and were filled with a childish cheerfulness, a simple lightness of heart, which never deserted them. At first I did not think them even comely of face; but if you could have learned them and known them as I learned and came to know them, you, if you are a man or a superior woman, would agree with me in saying that they were beautiful. That I should have been the means of bringing frightful disaster upon this lovable home wrings my heart to remember, even at this remote day.

In those dreadful times of the "reconstruction" of the South, the Ku-Klux were abroad and murderous. I have here neither blame nor justification for the rude and bloody methods pursued by these bodies of masked men. They hunted down and killed the carpet-baggers, who, under the protection of Federal bayonets, came down from the North to pillage an impoverished people and pour poison into the blood of the freedmen. It is sufficient to say that my friends had come out of the North, and that their oddness, wholly misunderstood, had placed them under a suspicion which they did not even dream was in existence; and that my coming into the family confirmed the suspicion and precipitated the catastrophe. Long afterward, I learned that my whole history had been "unearthed." Although it had been discovered that I was a Southerner, my travels in the North and my subsequent affiliation with a few admirable Northerners in the South made a good starting-point. My choice of a residence with this deaf-mute Northern family, my close intimacy with them, my strict seclusion, my avoidance of all other persons in the community, and a current belief that I was endeavoring fraudulently to pass for a deaf-

mute (indeed, my host himself, without my knowledge, had declared that I was), finally brought on the crisis.

All day long I would keep closely to my chamber, for I could not afford daylight recreation. Had not my eyes been weak, I should have worked at night, also. But after sunset I would devote myself to such congenial distractions as my situation afforded; and it so happened that the sweetness of my associates and of the atmosphere of their home, the weird desolation of the great old mansion, the walks and roads which threaded the noble park, and the high bluff which looked down upon the silent river, furnished every desirable means of diversion. Down in the village there was only the commonplace; here upon the heights everything was strange and beautiful, and, with it all, was needful human companionship of the pleasantest kind. Sometimes at night, candle in hand, I would prowl through the deserted house, either alone or with one or more of my friends—generally Eveline, the sister of my host, for she discovered a dash and an enterprise which I was surprised to see in a deaf-mute. This flitting light, shining through the dismantled windows, was carefully watched by our plotting enemies, but we knew nothing of that. At other times I would stroll—also generally with Eveline when not alone—through the deep night shadows of the park or along the barren brink of the bluff; and during these excursions, Eveline and I would walk hand in hand, for in darkness it was only thus, with our fingers in contact, could we converse.

At still other times we spent the evening at whist; but can you imagine a game of whist with deaf-mutes? Eveline and I always were partners. Oh, how uncanny it all seemed at first! Imagine, if you can, a game of whist without a word! It had some disagreeable features in the beginning, but I soon grew used to them. Among them were the strange vocal sounds which my friends would emit under stress of great excitement. On the part of my host and his wife, they were guttural and uncomfortable; on the part of Eveline, they were a petulant little "oh!" or a soft, musical laugh, such as I had never heard from a deaf-mute before; but then it became evident that her training had been better than that of her brother and sister-in-law—in other words, that she had undergone that painful and difficult schooling by which deaf-mutes can be taught to speak. As for me, being a grave young man, I never uttered a word or laughed aloud. The only exercise that I gave my voice was an occasional calling out of numbers as I worked in the day-time in my room.

Eveline was very unlike ordinary deaf-mutes in many ways; and while in a manner this made her less tender and caused her to appeal less strongly to a sympathetic affection, she had other graces—some of which are peculiar to speaking persons—which gave her a definitive charm. It may be supposed that, as we both were young and healthy, and were thrown much together under peculiarly softening circumstances, we fell in love; but I say truthfully that up to the final crash I never had a thought of love. I liked to be with her and to feel the presence of the sweetness and gentleness which belonged to her; but if I loved her I did not know it; and if she loved me—but the man who would assume knowledge of a thing like that is an arrant fool. I did not even suspect that there had grown up in the hearts of my host and his wife a dear wish that Eveline and I might marry. It might possibly have been that I vaguely reflected upon the comfort which a deaf-and-dumb wife would be to a speaking and hearing man. It is not right, however, to permit a possible impression to exist that I was a great deal with my friends. My separation from them was all the greater by reason of the considerable distance they were compelled, by the bad condition of the house, to remove me.

One night I was playing whist with them, when a thunder-storm broke upon the country. On this occasion I observed, as I had often previously, that while my host and his wife were always indifferent to alarming sounds, Eveline would start whenever a violent crash of thunder would burst through the roaring of the wind. Apparently her senses were finer than those of the others, for the atmospheric concussion impressed her sensibly. It was late when we stopped the game. I went to my own quarters, lighting the way with a candle, and, not being sleepy, sat down with Seneca. If I had not been so deeply absorbed I might have heard sounds which did not belong to the waning storm. I should explain here that the house had a reputation for ghosts—a matter to which I paid no attention. It is true that on a few occasions, rarely by day and generally just before midnight, I had heard sounds, very faintly in the distance, which resembled a woman's laughter and singing; but gave them attention no further than to reflect that they either came from a woman in some neighboring house or were delusions produced by the wind in the depths of the mansion. Afterward I had good reason to remember these sounds.

On this night, after the fury of the aerial tumult was much spent, I heard these human sounds more distinctly than ever before; but they were very different in tone and quality from the others; indeed, they seemed to be very near and to be of a much lower pitch than common. If I had supposed them to be human sounds within the house (and these seemed certainly to be in the mansion), no doubt I should have been very much alarmed, and should have tried to ascertain their meaning. In my present light I know that they were sounds issuing from a human throat, and a woman's at that; and, further, that they were such expressions of distress and alarm as a woman might make if she thought herself to be without the hearing of any living soul. But I did not believe that the sounds were human.

By this time I was so sleepy that I fell into slumber on my chair. Without an idea then of the length of time during which I slept, I was aroused by the violent opening of the door, which I never kept locked; and there on the threshold stood Eveline, pallid with fright. I sprang forward in alarm, for this was an unheard-of thing for her to do. In answer to my inquiries, she quickly telegraphed the

information that she had "heard" strange sounds in the house, and that she was desperately frightened. "Heard" was an extraordinary word for her to use, but I understood its meaning—her delicate sensibilities had really *felt* the sounds, which means to say that the sounds must have been so loud as to have produced an atmospheric concussion that she could feel. I reflected that if any sounds of that volume had been made I certainly should have heard them, and I so informed her; but she stared at me surprisedly, and insisted that she could not have mistaken. I made her sit down, and then I sat beside her and held her hand, and repeated my assurances over and over. All this time she appeared to be *listening*, and her eyes, now abnormally large and bright, ran about the room, and from window to door, in alarmed expectancy. Gradually, however, she grew composed under the influence of my steadier courage; and then, laughing, she made a pretty and embarrassed apology for her unconventional intrusion. Then we sat chatting in a sociable fashion, and when I saw that she was fully recovered I escorted her to her chamber, and then returned to my own room, closed the door, blew out my candle, and went straightway to bed and sleep.

I was rudely awakened by strong hands upon my throat, arms, and legs. A dark-lantern flashed in my face. Hoarse, low-spoken curses and threats were hurled at me. Before I could utter a sound or make more than an instinctive struggle a gag was thrust into my mouth and I was bound hand and foot! Then I recognized the white masks of the dreaded Ku-Klux—almost identically the same disguise that is worn in this unhappy year of our Lord by the White-Caps of Indiana!

Then my captors—a dozen powerful men—talked freely; and thus it all came out; but though I was horrified to discover their error, and resorted to all possible kinds of dumb-show to inform them that they were wrong, and made silent pleas for permission to speak, they left me in forced dumbness.

"We know all about you," said the leader, picking out his speech with oaths and curses. "We have seen niggers and Yankee soldiers slipping into this house at night, to hatch plots against us with you and your conspiring partner, the shoemaker." (I then remembered that I myself had often stumbled over vagrant negroes and soldiers who had crept into the abandoned parts of the house for a free lodging.) "Very well; you and the main female conspirator—the single one, who prowls with you at night to meet our enemies in the dark—will take a free ride to England, where your bones will play havoc in the carding-machines of the Manchester mills. As for the shoemaker and his wife, they will rest in the river henceforth, but not in their own skins!"

There was something ghastly and terrible in these threats, though it required subsequent happenings to make me acquainted with the full nature of the unspeakable horrors which lay behind them.

The storm had degenerated into a blanket of black clouds, below which fled hurrying gusts of wind and occasional showers. The wind racked the spirit of every ghost in the great old mansion, and whistlings, groans, and howls issued from the throats of a hundred banshees. It was a good night for the murderous work in hand. I must have ached with fears for the wholeness of my own body; but what was that agony in comparison with the infinitely greater one of realizing that I had been the instrument for bringing down upon the heads of my dear friends this bloody, implacable, and reasonless catastrophe? In a moment of supreme anguish I tugged like a madman at my bonds; and as I was a strong man, my desperate energy made my tormentors bury their work.

"At the least," said the cynical leader, "you are worth your weight in cotton; at eighteen cents a pound you will fetch considerably more than thirty dollars net!"

Upon that they dragged me out of the house. Where were my friends? Had they already been killed? No gag was needed for their poor silent mouths. Two would not remain long in their own skins in the silent river; and Eveline—what had they done with her? There was something within me which I had come to know the meaning of at last; it was not that I unconsciously had become Eveline's slayer; it was not that the swirling phantasmagoria of my brain pictured her sweet, bright face pallid in the presence of death, and her staring eyes pleading for the strong young life that stood between her strong spirit and her God, and her dumb lips begging silently for impossible mercy, and her fingers flying with implorings for the help of an absent one, who, she must have felt, would have fought for her and died for her—that was not all of it: out of the cool shadows of the sweet recent past, standing forth clearly above the horrors which now invested me, was the discovery that comes sooner or later to all men—a discovery which now intoxicated me with a maddening despair. . . .

But the time was shortening. A detachment of the men (the others no doubt withdrawing to finish their bloody work with the three other innocents) hurried me away, dragging me through the great park into a cotton-field. The moon had risen, and through the thinning clouds I made out the form of a gin-house, near the side of which stood one of those peculiar creations—a cotton-press—which for some years after the war still stood as the most picturesque of all the features of a Southern landscape. Its great screw, cut out of a solid tree, towered sixty feet above the ground, and from the top, which was crowned with a roof, spread two giant arms at an angle of forty degrees, reaching to within a short distance of the ground. The screw had been raised to its highest point, and I could faintly see at its lower end the great block which, by means of mules attached to the arms, could be made to descend, by the running down of the screw (as the mules traversed a circular path around the press) into the great box after it should be filled with cotton, which thus was pressed into a bale.

It was the time of the year when ginning and pressing were under way, and from my window in the mansion I had seen the operation but a day or two before, even to the removal of the sides of the box, after the cotton had been pressed, and then the binding of the bales with ties.

We halted at the foot of a ladder which led to the upper end of the box; but we did not wait long. Soon other men appeared, and, as they drew near, I saw that one of them bore what appeared to be the unconscious form of a woman in his arms. My heart almost burst from its prison, for surely this must be Eveline! If they were to hang us to the arms of the giant press, there would be the sweet satisfaction of dying with her and so near her!

"There they come," said the leader; "take him up and dump him."

A powerful man seized me and bore me up the ladder, others assisting by holding me from struggling. It was not till we had reached the top that the awful truth burst upon me, though not in all its hideous entirety—they were to throw me into the box, whence escape would be impossible and smothering in the cotton sure! I made one desperate struggle for freedom; in the next moment, I fell softly upon the pile of soft cotton which half-filled the box. Almost immediately afterward, an unconscious woman fell heavily upon me.

Believing that it was Eveline, but unable to see her in the inky blackness of the hole, I enjoyed an indescribable consolation. But to my inconceivable dismay, the next act in the horrible drama was put in action—a flood of fleecy cotton, lighter than snow, began pouring into the box, burying us; our murderers would suffocate us in cotton! As I labored to breathe the falling air, the fine lint was drawn into my nostrils, adding vastly to my sufferings; but it had a surprising good effect on my companion, who I still supposed was Eveline—approaching suffocation restored her to consciousness. Imagine my extraordinary surprise when she spoke, calling upon God for help! Surely this terrible agony could not have given the power of so clear speech to one who had been dumb from infancy! Here, then, was a fifth victim of the Ku-Klux, and she a stranger to me; and so it had been denied me to die with Eveline!

Astounded and bewildered, and feeling that consciousness was slowly slipping away from me, I struggled for more air, and, in this way, made my companion aware of my presence. She screamed in terror and shrank away under the increasing covering of smothering cotton; but instantly human compassion seized her, and she breathlessly asked:

"Who are you?"

My gag permitted me only to groan. Gasping for breath (for the cotton kept pouring in), she ran her hands over me and discovered my helplessness; and, as she was entirely free, with desperate deftness and celerity, she untied my bonds and gags.

"We can do nothing," I said, hopelessly.

She uttered a wailing sound at that.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In a cotton-press, and they will smother us here."

She groaned despairingly, and then roused herself and vehemently declared:

"We will not die like rats!"

By a blessed good fortune there were cracks in the side of the worn and warped old box, and to one of these she and I, clinging together in the companionship of a mortal danger, applied our lips, getting abundant sustaining air thereby. But all at once our evil fate bared her knife at our throats; the cotton was receiving a violent compaction; evidently one of the men, after the box had been filled, had jumped upon the cotton and was tramping it down firmly upon us, to make room for more cotton. Then we sent shrill cries for help through the crack, and heard curses without, and were stunned by a large stone which was hurled heavily against the box at the point where our faces touched it.

After an interval, during which now that we could breathe, our suffering was largely mental—after the lapse of a time sufficient for the men to fill the box again and put upon the top of the cotton the haggard to form the upper covering of a cotton-bale—we were horrified beyond conception to hear the harsh creaking of the giant screw as it turned above us, and a full understanding of the frightful death that awaited us came when, peering through the crack, we saw the man pulling the great sweeps of the press around. *We were to be compressed in the centre of a cotton-bale!* And so our bones would play havoc with the carding-machines of the Manchester mills in England.

Round went the great arms of the press, and our cries were added to the volume of groans and screams which the poorly lubricated screw sent abroad into the darkness. Soon enough, as the men dragged the sweeps around, came the first gentle pressure upon us as the ponderous block touched the pile above us. Firmer and firmer the cotton settled upon us, driving us, as we stood upright, slowly down with the whole mass of cotton in the box, making our lips to slip along the polished edges of the crevice. The pressure became a squeeze. Our ribs were strained; our breathing became gasps; our temples, throats, and ears were bursting with blood; our faces were so hard pressed against the smooth wall of the box that they were torn as we were driven downward.

All at once, while consciousness yet remained to give effect to the horrors which beset us, the shrill wailing of the screw was silenced, and gunshots and men's cries and curses filled the air. A sharp battle was fought, and then heavy blows were dealt upon the wooden keys and bolts that held together the sides of our prison. The encompassing walls of the box fell away; but so closely were we pressed in the cotton, that we were held there above the ground, bulging out with the cotton when the pressure had been released, our bodies more than half-concealed, and the visible parts of us torn and bleeding. Dimly in the light of a small moon, which now shone from an open sky, we saw the rifles and brass buttons of Federal soldiers, who had been drawn thither by our cries and the midnight wailing of the screw. Eager hands dragged us forth into life and freedom; but still we clung to each other as two who had tasted death as comrades.

In spite of blood and lacerations we recognized each other in the moonlight. My companion was Eveline herself, speaking, crying, clinging to me.

"It can't be Eveline!" I cried, holding her from me and

looking into her poor bruised face. "She is deaf and dumb!"

"It 's Eveline," she replied, "who has never been deaf and dumb. But you—I thought you were deaf and dumb, and we agreed at home that I should pretend also to be, fearing that if you knew I could hear and speak, you—you would not—"

"But I do love you above all the world, my heart!" I exclaimed, taking her again in my arms.

And then the whole misunderstanding was explained. My host himself had mistaken me, very naturally, for a deaf-mute; and as for the voice of a woman which I had heard in the mansion at night, and the terrified words that very night in the house while the Ku-Klux were prowling through the corridors, it was Eveline's voice, which she had to exercise, lest she should lose it.

So, alas! my sweet wife is not deaf and dumb, after all; but then, there is consolation in knowing that my bones have not yet done any harm to the carding-machines in the cotton mills of Manchester, and that my dear dumb friends are not resting in the broad Mississippi.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1893.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

When Phyllis Laughs.
When Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzled eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or hearty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies.
In the soft curving lips I prize
Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Italian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might—
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

—John Hey in September Harper's.

At the Sign of the Skull.
A strange old tavern have I seen:
The walls are thick, the garden green;
'Tis damp and foul, yet through the door
Do rich men come as well as poor.
They come by night, and they come by day,
And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,
Has a complexion white and yellow,
And, though he looks exceeding thin,
Does nothing else but grin and grin
At all his guests—who, after a while,
Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,
Though some are people of high degree;
For no one asks, when a carriage arrives,
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But holy virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn;

And beautiful youths in their strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well, and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made.
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house has a singular bill of fare—
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish, and that dish meat,
Which never a guest was known to eat.
Night and day the meal goes on,
And the guests themselves are fed upon!

These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off—but I never found
That any one knew when he should start,
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

O strange old tavern, with garden green!
In every town its walls are seen.
Now the question has often been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be?"
—Theodore C. Williams in September Century.

Hack and Hew.
Hack and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now:
One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind, and Hew was dumb,
But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the helmed stars,
They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and heath beneath their hands
To beauty and speed outgrew—
The furious, fumbling hand of Hack,
And the glancing hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,
And painted him rosy brown;
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:
"Let them burn till they smolder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,
"We'll rest, for our toil is done."
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
"For your toil is just begun."

"And ye who served me of old as God
Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,
Toils with thought that abhors to
The faltering, restless hand of Hack,
And the tireless hand of Hew.

—Bliss Carman in September Atlantic.

A FEMALE ANARCHIST.

Emma Goldman, the Young Woman who is Making Speeches in New York—The Labor Troubles There—Unemployed Foreigners.

The excitement of the week has been the labor demonstration. This was confined to the Jewish clothing-makers, Germans, Poles, and Hungarians, and never seems to have involved over four or five thousand people at the outside. The movement derived its importance from a feeling that it might lead to a New York edition of the Haymarket riot. In point of fact, it never assumed a formidable shape.

It began on Thursday of last week, when a body of cloak-makers and garment-workers took forcible possession of Waltham Hall in Orchard Street, refusing to pay for it on the ground that they had no money. The proprietor barred the door, but the crowd quickly broke it open with paving-stones, burst in, and organized a meeting at which incendiary speeches flowed in a torrent. The police were sent for and a few arrests were made, but they only infuriated the mob, which proceeded to gut the hall. The gas-fixtures were torn down, the benches and tables smashed, a piano jumped upon till it was broken into fragments, the carpets were torn up, marble tables split in pieces, and at last an attempt was made to set fire to the wreck. The police then reappeared on the scene and cleared the hall after a sharp battle; a number of prisoners were carried off to the station-houses. The disturbers of the peace dispersed after obtaining permission to hold a meeting in Union Square on Saturday evening.

What that demonstration might have been if nothing had interfered, it may be difficult to say. As it was, just before the hour set for the meeting a heavy rain shower set in, and at seven P. M. there were not over three thousand persons present. No one can be enthusiastic when a stream of cold water is pouring down the back of his neck. Even anarchy yielded to the hydropathic treatment. Still there was a lady who kept up a good head of steam under the discouraging circumstances. This was Emma Goldman, who is said to be the wife or the mistress of the man who shot Mr. Frick at Homestead. She is a young, short woman, with curly hair and spectacles—obviously a German Jewess and a ternaught of the Louise Michel type. She can not be described as an orator, but she screamed in a high voice on the text that the workmen were starving and that they were the victims of the capitalists. The police do not seem to feel sure what mischief she may be up to; they keep her constantly shadowed, and at some meetings of unemployed workmen she has been forbidden to speak. She has talked a great deal of nonsense about the black flag, but it does not seem that she has thus far made herself liable to arrest for inciting a riot.

The alleged starvation which Emma and her friends use as their capital in trade appears to be largely imaginary. There is a great deal of poverty and discomfort among these foreign work-people, but the *Sun* reporter, after diligent search, was unable to find any actual cases of starvation. The foreigners who broke into Waltham Hall and who held the meeting in Union Square are the people who crowded out American workers in the clothing trade by accepting lower wages. Now the scarcity of money has compelled all workers to accept the same level of wages, that is to say, from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per day; and many of the old hands have got back their jobs, displacing foreigners who displaced them. These foreign work-people have generally saved money. They live on the merest pittance, ten or twelve cents a day; and a man and wife, who have a room, take in lodgers. The calculation of the "starving unemployed" was that by noisy threats and violent demonstrations they might frighten the municipal government into supporting them. Thus far they have not succeeded. They have even failed to persuade Mayor Gilroy that it is his duty to demand of the governor that work should be stopped at the State penitentiaries.

They are a curious people. One of the noisiest rioters at Waltham was a Polish Jew, who broke furniture as he shouted "Bread or Blood!" He was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and fined ten dollars. He declared he had not a cent in the world, and was remanded to the cells. A kind-hearted bystander begged pennies and nickels from the people in his neighborhood, and finally brought the ten dollars in small change to the clerk of the court, whereupon the prisoner was released. As he went out, an officer searched his pockets for concealed weapons, and found in an inner pocket thirty-five dollars in bills.

At a meeting of the starving workmen Emma Goldman wrought them up to a pitch of frenzy by a recital of their wrongs. On the appearance of the police, she left the hall, declaring that others might faint by the way but she would never grow weary; she dashed into the street and—went to a photographer's to have her likeness taken.

At Newark, quite a number of foreign work-people are employed. They are to hold demonstrations at which the men are to walk barefoot. They all have shoes, which is not the case with their compatriots in Poland and Russia; but they think it will be more impressive for them to parade without them. Sympathy cools in presence of such imposture.

The great baker, Fleischman, who supplies most of the hotels and restaurants, was so touched by the stories of starvation that he gave notice he would supply applicants with free bread at two every morning. His supply of misfit loaves and broken rolls leaves him a large unsold stock daily. He was asked what class of people came for the bread. He answered laconically:

"Tramps."

"What kind of tramps? Hebrews?"

"No," said he; "no Jews—all Christians. People who lodge on the benches in Madison Square, Union Square, and City Hall Park."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 26, 1893.